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No. III.]

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Ὁὐκ ἄνενθε θεοῦ οἱ ἡννεαυτὸν θεῶ πολέμοιοι, A.T.S. 1863.

THE ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

A Magazine of Politics, Literature, and Art.

Edited by Members of the Universities, and written only by Members
of the Anti-Teapot Society of Europe.

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THE

ANTI-TEAPOT REVIEW.

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No. III. — NOVEMBER, 1864.

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THE PRINCIPLES OF ANTI-TEAPOTISM.

WE wish it to be understood, once for all, that honest religious convictions or peculiar enunciations of principle are no bar to joining the Anti-Teapot Society. All that is really required of members is an *ex animo* subscription to the rules and bye-laws of the Society. The basis of membership is not to be narrowed, but is laid down as follows, *Idem sentire de regulis*; and there can be no mistake in *primariis et fundamentalibus Societatis articulis*, because all full members on joining profess to believe them, howsoever by their *assumenta* implicitly and by consequent they may subvert them. We shall not add to the form of admission, or take one iota from it. We do not want spells, philters, sigils, or schemes of palmistry, to help our cause if we do everything fairly and above board; on the other hand we need no prophetic sieve or shears to foretell the result of illiberality or exclusiveness. Many persons in different parts of England have written to us to know the qualifications of membership, and to all we have invariably sent the same reply, viz.:—1, To read the rules; 2, To fill up the form of admission; and, 3, To be nominated and seconded by any two officers. The latter wholesome rule was introduced so that inquisitive people might be prevented from joining the Society out of sheer curiosity. The objects of the A. T. S. are manifold; but one of the principal objects of the founders was to make a stand against the vulgarity, rebellion, and profanity of the nineteenth century. How far this has been carried out it is not for us to say, for we have been accused of ribaldry by a magazine which leads the van of High Churchism in England, while the closely-“shaven and shorn” editor of another High Church magazine considers us very “frivolous”

for defending clerical beards and crinolines. Others have calmly told us that the A. T. S. is "unloyal," "irreverent," "Jesuitical," and "opposed to the principles of any honest English Christian!" The names of Oliver Cromwell, Praise-God Barebones, Victor Emmanuel, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Spooner, and Dr. "Coming" Cumming, are not those by which educated Anti-Teapots are likely to swear; and it would be useless to immortalize mob-orators of the Ward Beecher type by placing their diatribes against the Southerners, the Church of England in general, and the Church of Rome in particular, on the index expurgatorius of the A. T. S. It is to be hoped that the A. T. S. will outlive the nuisances enumerated in and forbidden by its bye-laws. The best way to treat "sensation" orators is to do like the Levite, viz., cross over the road and give them a wide berth. We do not consider it necessary to reply *in extenso* to the charges preferred against us, but "want of loyalty" is about the last imputation that can fairly be laid at our doors; while "irreverence," "Jesuitry," ribaldry, and "frivolousness," are teapotty words applicable to anybody or anything but the A. T. S. and its members; and as to "honest English Christians," we are at a loss to conceive how any man can be a "Christian" without being "honest;" for experience has taught us that those only who assume to themselves such exclusive titles as the one in question are probably the last people in the world who are, in their actions, really "honest," "English," or "Christian." Several old ladies have warned members against the Anti-Teapot Society (of which they know nothing); and some who fancy there are few human (or perhaps even heavenly) beings superior to themselves have asserted that the A. T. S. will "do a great deal of harm." Another young gentleman, who professes to be "neutral in politics and religion," says that the *Anti-Teapot Review* was "hissed" at the last Oxford Commemoration—truly an honour, for nearly all the best men had gone down—and, acting on the inspiration of his grandmother, has not only written a very mild pamphlet against the *Anti-Teapot Review*, but calls all Anti-Teapots fit inhabitants for Hanwell, &c., &c.

We beg to assure our assailants, as we have already told our friends, that in spite of all they can say against us, in spite of abuse, teapotty ignorance, and uncharitableness, we shall go on as we have begun. We shall not distress ourselves about the "definitely vague" charges which have been preferred against us, and we shall not advertise our assailants by mentioning their

names or publishers. We hate shams as we hate a lie. We hate misplaced sentimentalism and cannot call it "principle." The A. T. S. numbers amongst its members individuals of different shades of religious belief, and it can afford to laugh at the vicious littleness of mind which animates certain members of the so-called Evangelical and Free Kirk parties, who are frantic at having received the first thrusts from our maiden scimitar. We may yet have something to say about High Churchmen and 'Verts—some of whom are intensely bitter against the *Anti-Teapot Review*—but we have no wish to throw dirt on private worth and virtue. We are sick of the shibboleths uttered week after week in the organs of the "religious" world; we pant for the free circulation of more healthy information than that "there were three celebrations, one at 6 a.m., one at 7.30, and a high celebration at the mid-day service, the Rev. R. C. Cross (vested in alb and chasuble) being the celebrant, the Revs. S. Fairskin and W. Thurifer, the gospeller and epistoler respectively. A thrilling sermon was preached by the curate of Bishopsquake, and after service the clergy and laity sat down to a *recherché* luncheon at the rectory. Amongst those present we observed, &c., &c., viz.—the people whose happiness consists in being known in certain clerical coteries as "good Churchmen," to the exclusion, be it observed, of several thousands of their fellow-Churchmen from participation in the self-bestowed title.

There is a bumptiousness in assuming this epithet of "good," and prefixing it to "Churchmen" of one school of theology, which is teapotty and repulsive; a holier-than-thou cut about the expression, which, if it be not, like the countenances of converted pugilists and clowns—broad, rough, squat and fanatical—at any rate it places outsiders in a very uncomfortable position. Moreover, we have generally found that your "good Churchmen" in England, your paying or "praying elder" in Scotland, and your "*bon Catholique*" abroad, are of that strait-laced narrow type described in our opening words on Teapots and Anti-Teapots.* Fielding tells us that there is a kind of dignity even in the impudence of women of quality; there may be; in fact, no man who has not been jilted seven times would attempt to deny it; but the false warbling of fanatics jars upon our ears. If men will only do like Enoch Arden, and set their hands to work where they fix their hearts, give a fair course and no favour to the "non-elect," not brag of their "good" churchman-

* *Anti-Teapot Review*, No. I.

ship, or gauge the souls of poor parishioners by a given ratio of attendance at church, chapel, confession and tea-meetings, or talk shop on religious matters, but learn to bridle their tongues about the failings of others, recollecting that their own virtue is perhaps but a deficiency of temptation—not do like the organs of Radicalism, set class against class, and condemn, as in the case of Colonel Crawley, without any evidence and a fair trial; or, like the weak journals of Conservatism, preach local politics and the results of registration to owls and little chirpers, and so excite drowsiness by prosing; if men will only not make saints and heroes of themselves (and fill their pockets) by draining religion of its jewels and Billingsgate of its abuse, or hurl the latter indiscriminately from the platform and pulpit at the heads of all who do not believe in the “variations of Teapotism,” we shall be willing to write their *quietus* at once, read Dr. Cullen on prize-fighting “foreigners,” and the *Saturday Bellew* on monks, see Mr. Spurgeon subside upon his sofa in a state of celestial exhaustion, and hold our tongues with “pious resignation.” But if after a pause the Elephantine Boanerges, or the “religious” and political fanatics—discontented with obscurity, and with his and their gospel truths, pew-rents, and stock phrases—shall again renew the onslaught on common sense, decency, and truth, no wonder if we “decline,” with Jemmy Button, “to be Christianised any further,” but it shall be our first aim—

“To arise as one man
And put down, if we can,
These loud Teapots with scorn and derision.”

We have enlightened our readers as to the objects of the Anti-Teapot Society as far as we can in the limits of a short article. We must now rest on our oars for a time, have a laugh at the attacks of Teapots, and call them blessings.

THE VOTE BY BALLOT.

LET ev'ry Englishman maintain the right,
Nor fear to face his actions with the light:
The Vote by Ballot let him view with hate,
Degrading to the people and the state:
And let his British heart with firmness spurn
That dark, un-English, teapotty concern.

THE POLITICAL ORGANIZATION OF AMERICA.*

AMERICAN news is now almost synonymous with nothing new. The contest still goes on with unmitigated severity, and Englishmen who sit at home at ease not only do not as a rule read the news, but barely understand it when they do. The telegrams, we know, are often conflicting, and "another rout of the rebels" is often "accidentally" (?) chronicled as a *fait accompli*, when a "Federal reverse" would have expressed the actual state of affairs. The writers of sensation paragraphs are, or ought to be, held responsible for wilful deviation from fact; but, like the Irish curate in Shirley, they would probably call truth *treuth*, though they are in a most amiable state of ignorance as to the meaning of the word. People are so wearied with contradictory reports, and the evidence adduced to corroborate them is so uncertain, that it is generally considered sheer waste of time to read with seriousness the "latest from America," or the leaders of the English and American papers. There is, however, another reason why the readers of newspapers have not taken much interest in American affairs, except in the case of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and the destruction of the *Alabama*—and it is this: the peculiar principles of American government are unknown to half the Eastern hemisphere, and without a clear insight into the peculiar division of power in the American system, and an appreciation of the separate sphere, objects, and duties of the National and State governments, a correct comprehension of the principles involved in the great contest between North and South is impossible. Even the cotton lords of Manchester, who have vested interests at stake, are unable, from their limited knowledge of the past, to form a correct judgment of things as they are: they are, therefore, contented with a vague *scientia media* which is beneath certainty and above conjecture.

It is high time for thinking men to learn, even at the eleventh hour, more than they already know of the fundamental principles of the National and State governments of America, and of the respective powers of each; for, although the struggle may before long be suspended from exhaustion, it will not be extin-

* *Guide to American Politics*, by G. W. Bacon. London: Sampson, Low, and Co. Third Edition. 1864.

The Index, 13, Bouverie Street, W.C.

The Rambler in North America in 1832 and 1833, by C. J. Latrobe. 2 vols. London: Seeleys.

The English Leader. London: Farrah.

guished. The American nation is decimating itself for a question which will lead to no result beyond a further alienation of North and South, and—as Mr. Froude says of the wars of the Roses—perhaps the history of the world may be searched in vain for any parallel to a quarrel at once so desperate and unmeaning. We will take a brief glance at the Constitution of America, and leave our readers to form their own conclusions.

The first offensive and defensive league was formed in 1643, but the confederacy had no executive, and could not therefore act as a whole; neither did it possess a General Judiciary by which cognizance might be taken of the offences arising between the several members, or against the whole confederacy. This lasted forty years, but no organized theory of government was enunciated till 1754. In 1777 the powers of government were greatly increased, and under this confederation the United States achieved their independent existence as a nation in 1783. In 1787 the present Constitution was adopted, and remained undisturbed from that period up to 1860. This Constitution is declared (Art. 6, sect. 2) to be “the supreme law of the land.” The National Government is a Democratic Federative Republic (a writer* who recently failed to enlighten his readers on the distinction between an American Democrat and Republican would have acted wisely if he had not attempted to strike out beyond his depth,) composed of States, and based on the constitution of 1787. The power of the government is vested in the Executive, *alias* President, who is the only executive officer known to the Constitution; the Legislature, or Congress, consisting of the Upper House or Senate, and of the Lower or House of Representatives. Each Senator must be not less than thirty years of age, a resident of the state for which he is chosen, and have been a citizen of the United States for nine years; while Representatives must be not less than twenty-five years of age, citizens of the United States for seven years, and residents in the states for which they are chosen. The whole number of representatives is 241, or one to every 124,000. The judicial powers of the United States Government are vested in a Supreme Court, and the Attorney-General, who is also considered a member of the Cabinet, is not only the chief law officer, but the constitutional legal adviser and defender of the government. We will pause a moment here, and commend the principles and practice of a “pure democracy” to the consideration of our readers. Si

* *Saturday Review*, October 1st, 1864.

monumentum velis, circumspice, look at the President, contemplate the Senate, read the speeches of Representatives, and do not tell Mr. Attorney-General what an angry law-lord once told Lord Brougham, that "if he only knew a little law, he would know a little of everything." We have here stated some very simple facts which are not so generally known as they ought to be, and we are much indebted to Mr. Bacon for the very clear resumé he has given us of American politics. We refer our readers who wish to form a correct estimate of the American *lex scripta*, or to understand the theory and operation of the Federal Government, to the book itself, and we are sorry that our very limited space does not allow this article to include, as we had intended, a full review of the positions theoretically maintained by the belligerent powers.

INDIGNATION MEETINGS.

ON glancing over the columns of the "Camford Independent Teapot" a short time since, our attention was arrested by a paragraph headed "*Popish Proceedings at St. Botolph's Church—Indignation Meeting of the Parishioners*," from the perusal of which we learned that half-a-dozen Radical Teapots, who fondly imagined that the parish church was intended for themselves alone, and that the services ought to be conducted at their discretion, had met for the purpose of abusing their clergy. Now we are not going to say that these virtuous indignationists had not a perfect right to hold their meetings, and have their little say; on the contrary, if people like to make themselves ridiculous, by all means let them have their swing. The effect of such meetings generally is to strengthen the cause they were intended to damage; and we present our readers with a brief report of one which took place shortly after the appearance of the *Anti-Teapot Review*.

The proceedings opened as usual with hassocks and tea; after which, the Rev. S. Spooner, having been voted to the chair, begged to remind his dear friends that they had met for the purpose of devising means for the suppression of a most unchristian publication; he alluded to the *A. T. R.*, but he trusted that all their remarks would be such as became decided Christians. (*Hear, hear.*) He considered the society by whom the *A. T. R.* was published to be one of the numerous devices of Satan, and had detected a strong smell of brimstone while perusing the

pages of the *Review*. He should be sorry to suppose that any of his reverend brethren were connected with the society; but, if any of them did belong to it, he would take the opportunity of denouncing them as something worse than wolves in sheep's clothing. (*Loud applause.*) He had observed that the *Review* was edited by University men, and was truly grieved by the reflection that some of them might become ministers of the gospel. (*Cries of We'll turn 'em out.*) He was afraid his hearers would find that beyond their power, but he trusted that wherever such men appeared, they might meet with as much persecution as was consistent with decided Christianity. The rev. chairman concluded his remarks by urging the meeting not to relax their endeavours, till they had succeeded in annihilating the A. T. S.

Mr. Higgins begged to be allowed, as a humble but consistent member of the Church of England, to tender his warmest thanks to the rev. chairman for his excellent remarks. (*Hear, hear.*) But he was prepared to go much further—he was a staunch Protestant, and in these days, when so many artful attempts were being made to undermine the Protestantism of the country, it behoved them to be up and doing. Now it was quite clear from the tone of the A. T. R., that the society was an inveterate foe to the Protestants of all denominations; and he was convinced, though he knew nothing of the society, that the Jesuits were at the bottom of it, and that they artfully intended to make people Catholics without their knowing it. (*Great indignation.*) He had no doubt that the tendency of the society lay in that direction—(*renewed indignation*)—and he was quite determined that it should be put down, and for that end he would support the most vigorous measures.

The Rev. Slybard wished to know what it was all about—he had already settled Spurgeon's hash, to his own satisfaction, and was now prepared to cook the goose of this A. T. S. (These remarks were not quite appreciated, seeming rather to smack of the Tabernacle.) He assured the meeting that—

Mr. Tomkins had no doubt the rev. speaker had plenty of assurance. (*Order! order!*) He didn't care for order, liked t'other thing, had come there to speak, and would have his say; his opinion was as good as anybody else's (*tremendous indignation*); and he wasn't going to be put down in that way. He wished to observe that—(The meeting here became uproarious, so that this valuable observation was lost. When order was at length restored),

A remarkably oily-looking individual (said to be a corres-

pendent of the *Record*), expressed it as his opinion, that before they adopted any course of action, they should be thoroughly well-informed as to the nature and character of the A. T. S., lest they should tread upon dangerous ground. They should be careful not to give offence in high quarters.

A Mr. Squills lived in a university (he should have said by it), and he could inform the meeting that the A. T. S. was chiefly composed of lady-like looking undergraduates, who parted their hair in the middle, wore eye-glasses, and loved ecclesiastical trifles. (This was evidently considered a most damaging remark). Their best plan then would be to send a petition to the University authorities, requesting that all persons calling themselves Anti-Teapots be immediately expelled. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Claptrap thought that their best course would be to set up an opposition Review. He would be happy to be appointed editor, if the meeting decided on this course; and he was quite sure the religious booksellers (see the *Record* passim) would give such a publication substantial support.

Mr. Mealy (a religious bookseller of long standing) was extremely indignant at the appearance of the *A. T. R.*, and was more so since it had entered a second edition. He would be glad to see an Anti-Teapot antidote, and, if he might make the suggestion, he would advise that it be called the "Standard Teapot." (A loud burst of laughter from the further end of the room disclosed the presence of an Anti-Teapot; the offender being discovered by an impromptu movement [on his part] towards the door; the indignation of the meeting was roused to the highest pitch, while, amid screams and unearthly howlings, hassocks were flung about in a manner that evidently delighted the hearts of those decided Christians who advertise their virtues in schismatical journals. We regret to add, that, in consequence of this occurrence, we are unable to inform our readers as to the conclusions, if any, at which the meeting arrived.)

CAMBORITUM.

CRIES OF THE WOUNDED.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED SELECTION BY DR. SLOPS.)

'Twas the voice of the Teapot, I heard him complain,
You have hit me too surely, I'm smarting with pain;
Then, vainly attempting his anguish to smother,
At his very last gasp, he cried out, "You're another!"

CAMBORITUM.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.*

GOETHE tells us that "Lessing's Laocoon" elucidated the long misunderstood adage of *ut pictura poësis*. The difference between the art of painting and that of writing was at length rendered obvious; and it was seen that, though the bases of these arts might touch each other, their summits were distant and separate.

The poet may seize and characterize all objects; but no painter (save Martin and one or two others of the modern French school) dares to overstep the limits of the beautiful. The *ars poetica* and the art of painting have each their line of demarcation which may not safely be passed; and though Horace's *carte blanche* "quidlibet audendi" is freely given both to painters and poets, the painter's scope of action is considerably narrowed by the fact that he must satisfy the eye; while the poet labours freely for the imagination, which does not object to the representation of odious objects.

Painting has been called the "handmaid of religion;" and, if it does not object to the title, we will now dub it the handmaid of poetry. Sulzer's theory of the fine arts has lately found two † champions in the literary world. The subject is nevertheless a source of disagreement between authors and readers. So, too, is the Sunday question; but a moral end in its observance ought to be the chief object of all thinking men; and we verily believe that the discussions on the observance of Sunday have out-Sulzerised Sulzer in the theories so confidently laid down. A "Liberal" ‡ weekly, which treats its readers to Latin verses and quaint papers on Oxford Reform, lately favoured its supporters with an article on the Brighton Sunday Excursions; and, after expressing a negative approval of the Sunday League movement, the conclusion drawn was, that "to Brighton and back for 3s." was by far the largest amount of innocent amusement to be had at the price, and that the total amount of Sunday labour imposed on Brighton officials was three hours' work to some half dozen ticket collectors.

* *The Sunday Question*. London: W. Macintosh. 5th Edition.

History of Sunday. London: Groombridge and Sons.

The Sabbath Question. Glasgow: Glass and Duncan.

Memorial to the Queen of 943 Gentlemen of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, for opening the Museums, Galleries, and Libraries on Sundays. London: National Sunday League.

Discussion at Exeter Hall on the Sunday Question. London: J. Berger.

Publications of the National Sunday League.

† *The Athenæum* on Mr. Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."

The Church and State Review, Vol. 5, No. 29.

‡ *The Spectator*, Oct. 1, 1864.

The distribution of labour on the different railways is at present anomalous, and it is hardly possible to form a correct estimate of Sunday labour incurred by excursion trains: at Woolwich, for instance, the porters have one Sunday in five to themselves (people do not go to Woolwich to inhale sea-breezes); while, at a station on the Mid-Kent line, where excursion trains are constantly passing, each porter has one Sunday in three. The days are almost over when Scotchmen thought it very wrong that hens should lay eggs on Sundays, or people look out of window; in fact, the Scotch for a long time gave themselves up to a few external forms of Sabbatarianism which do not seem to have had any further influence on their souls than an utter annihilation of belief in anything as soon as they leave their own country. The intolerance inculcated by Jenny Geddes has comparatively subsided, except amongst some of the narrowest Free Kirk pietists; and not fifteen months ago the Northern Lights who threatened Admiral Dacres with large talk on "the Sabbath" were quietly extinguished, and to the best of our knowledge have not been heard of since. As civilization advances, the deeply-rooted prejudices of education become smaller, and it is not astonishing to read a speech by the Rev. R. E. B. Maclellan (the name sounds Scotch), in which it is shown very distinctly that Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon did not teach the rigid Sabbatarian dogma of Christian slavery on one day in seven. We ourselves heard Mr. Spurgeon characterize Sabbatarianism as the cloak of hypocrisy. We do not mean to assert that a conscientious observance of any day—of Sunday as a fast or of Friday as a feast-day for instance—savours either of hypocrisy or intolerance; but that every person is to be bound hand and foot by the Shibboleth of narrow-minded "religious" individuals, who make a living on Sundays by enlarging on the Pope and the Devil, is more than human nature can stand. We cannot enter into the religious question. SS. Athanasius and Augustine ought to have some influence with the patristic school; Jeremy Taylor, Dr. Arnold, Luther, and Calvin, the late Archbishop Whately, and Dean Alford, all command a certain amount of influence over the disciples of various schools of the theology, and all unite in looking at Sunday as a day which was never intended to encroach on Christian liberty. The great fault of England and Scotland is that the working classes have not enough recreation. The Saturday half-holidays have, it is true, slightly ameliorated their condition; but "What can we do on Sunday?" is a question which is more often asked than answered. "Read your Bible, sir, and go to church," we have

heard some reply; and no doubt a very good way of spending one's time if body and soul can stand the pressure placed on them after six days of mental or bodily labour. Are there none of our readers who have not felt an indescribable feeling of dread at facing the "next Sunday?" have none ever experienced a sensation of relief when the "dreary day" (as it is observed in many places) is over? Do not Oxford men recollect the great difficulties which had to be overcome before their sanctum the Union was allowed to be opened on Sundays? Would boating men like to have the University barge closed, or to be told, for the good of their souls, to write *précis* (as in one college at least) of dry University sermons, to be packed off to St. Ebbe's Carfax,* or St. Thomas, by way of "keeping holy the Sabbath day?" an expression which in most cases means going to church or chapel for four or five hours, criticising the preacher in no friendly spirit, and a good dose of general scandal, *Good Words*, and pious tracts for the rest of the day. We do not advocate Sunday desecration; we wish God's worship to consecrate every act which is performed on the day which is his, "He made it." A celebrated writer very justly observed that "Sabbath worship is the only remnant of idolatry in England;" and a very amiable Professor in Oxford is said to have asserted that "your Englishman goes to hell openly, but a Scotchman goes there with a Bible in one hand and a communion 'token' in the other." The soul which can only be saved by Sabbath observance stands a very poor chance of being saved at all; for the mere outward show of respectability often supplants the unchangeable laws of moral goodness, and teaches men hypocrisy. If it is not wrong to look at photographic albums on Sunday, there cannot be much sin in contemplating the *Ecce Homo* or Murillo's Assumption at the Louvre, or the treasures of the British Museum. Moreover it is unjust to shut the working classes out of institutions which they are called upon to support. We do not think "they manage these things better in France." There, in Paris at least, St. Monday takes the place of Sunday, and all the places of amusement, together with many of the shops, are open seven days instead of six; while, after all, the *employés* are not the gainers in a financial point of view.

But the English and Scotch public are badly treated. The lower orders are driven to drunkenness because they have no other amusement than drinking at home or in the public-houses. We have ourselves seen more drunken men on Sunday before break-

* *Couvre foi* is another suggested interpretation of this word, concerning which so much has been written.

fast in Scotland than in any other country, and we commend this fact to the fanatical society which now calmly proposes the total suppression of the liquor traffic. The richer classes have their comfortable homes, and gorgeous clubs with all the appliances of modern luxury; and they do not hesitate to make the best use of them. Why, then, should the poor be debarred from serving God in their own way? Is not our morality their morality? Why should they be compelled to clog their brains with the vapours of the pot-house, and find all other places closed against them? Let the clergy look to it, or a greater re-action than we desire will inevitably take place. Why not introduce shorter services—a kind of hunter's mass—and hold them earlier in the day than eleven o'clock? The masses are not so bad as some well-meaning people paint them; but we cannot allow that they are a bit better than the rest of the world. They might be elevated and instructed by contemplating the works of God and of God's creatures. They might become Christian men if they had proper church accommodation. They might be raised from the drunken slough into which so many have fallen if they only had some rational and innocent amusement on Sundays. This is what we want, and no more. The National Sunday League has done a great work, and we are glad to find it has done it well. It behoves all true Anti-Teapots to back up the objects of the League, which are, not interference with the scruples of others, but liberty of thought and action in serving God to the best of one's power on Sundays as well as on week-days.

CHOICE ADVERTISEMENTS.*

ADVERTISING is said to be to trade as steam to machinery. We would not dispute the truth of this proposition; nay, we are quite ready to admit the omitted portion of it (although we can hardly tolerate the hackneyed expression), that it is also the "great propelling power."

The evidence that advertising is a benefit to trade is so undeniably clear and indisputable, that it would be a work of supererogation on our part to attempt a confirmation of its proof. Du Barry, Scott, Parr, Miles (of inexpressible notoriety), Moses & Sons, all great luminaries in their respective vocations,

* *The Record*. London: A. Macintosh.

The Guardian. London: Thompson. 6d.

The Christian World. London: Lowe. 1d. Sept. 12, 1863.

The Weekly Register. London: Cheek.

The British Standard. London: Pratt. 4d.

have won their reputation chiefly by advertisements. These are only a few instances, but they are quite sufficient to demonstrate that a man born in comparative obscurity may, by the aforesaid means, become a small lord in his way, and acquire adequate resources to bid defiance to any country squire or parson in the kingdom.

We should imagine that the inventor of advertising in newspapers little dreamed of the extraordinarily high pitch to which it has risen in the present day. The discovery was one nicely suited to the nature of our countrymen; the English nation is essentially enterprising and fond of speculation, and the long-suffering public are ever ready to put themselves in the way of being taken in; hence follows the abuse of advertising, and its natural consequence, an unlimited amount of cozenage: whosoever putteth his trust in advertisements stands a fair chance of being duped to the nth.

The restraint imposed on advertisers is far too frail; any man who is the possessor of a few shillings may advertise, and so publish falsehoods to any extent. For instance, a gentleman (?) of the scholastic profession who not long since resided in one of our university towns, and earned a livelihood by driving knowledge into the heads of a select number of the sons of scouts, after a time migrated to the suburbs of London, where his enterprising spirit led him to found a college (?) and to place himself at its head, adding to his name (as we ascertain from advertisements), the title of "formerly Professor of Classics in the University of Oxford." Perhaps, in the event of his present undertaking proving a failure, and if his speculating turn of mind has not deserted him, it would be as well for him, on the acquittal of Müller—to have a young German of inoffensive appearance, advertise unsparingly "Müller to be seen within," and so gain an increased fortune on the same dishonest principles.

The absurdities constantly appearing in advertisements are far too numerous to be recorded. We must refer our readers to the columns of the *religious* papers (falsely so called,) the *Record*, the *Guardian*, and other teapotty publications, where disgust or amusement may be found *ad lib.* "A curate of decidedly Evangelical views wanted,"—which in the advertiser's mind means exactly the inverse of what he states,—a great abuse of language; it would be better for him to say that he wanted a virulent Low Churchman, to preach no sermon without abusing the Pope or Bishop Colenso, to preside (in the absence of the rector) at tea and scandal meetings, and to differ in no respect from the

negative creeds enunciated at the May Meetings in Exeter Hall. In them, too, may be seen applications from curates who have views in accordance with the Prayer Book, or with the *Saturday Review*; meaning, we suppose, in the former case, that they will act or think as the rector likes; and that in the latter case they would expect any unterrified country parson to mention what shooting, hunting, or fishing there was in the parish. One more,—“A Christian gentleman engaged in the City during the day may be accommodated with a handsome drawing-room floor in the house of a Baptist minister at Paddington.” A very kind offer, and a strange amalgamation. Is this advertisement inserted for the sake of seducing the sleek young secretaries of the too numerous Tract Societies, or Protestant Institutes, from Islington, their native home?—or has a Baptist minister, in imitation of Brother Ignatius, suddenly assumed an ascetic mood? having, it is true, a handsome drawing-room floor wherein to receive the great guns of Exeter Hall during the day, but preferring to smoke a pipe (unless smoking be not so much as named amongst his family) in the back parlour at night, on the principle that he who abaseth his family shall have his banker's account thereby exalted.

Long Vacation tourists see and hear strange things, and so do readers of newspapers; but tourists don't believe half they hear, and if readers of advertisements would follow their example they would not encourage the abuse of an institution which in its simplicity may be regarded as fair, honourable, and useful.

A LITERARY AND THEATRICAL LETTER.

I PROMISED the readers of this periodical (may its circulation ever increase, and its editor never have cause to blame any shortcomings on my part) to say a little more of *Faust and Marguerite*. This promise was rashly made before I had seen the piece, and now that I have seen it I regret ever having made such a vow; for, when a critic finds himself obliged to find fault with a piece in which some of the actors are doing their best to make it run (and, in this instance, succeed), the task is by no means an agreeable one. Frankly, then, I cannot clap my hands when the curtain falls on *Faust and Marguerite*. In the first place I entirely disapprove of the subject being travestied at all. It may be that an over-sensitive constitution is the cause of this, and yet the majority of the papers hold the same opinion as myself. However, this is neither here nor there, as far as the criticism of

the play is concerned. Let me first put down the pleasant part of my task, viz., the praise of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mathews. They do their best, and all my theatrical readers know that this is not a little. Mr. Burnand is evidently aware when he has good tools, and makes up for the weakness of the rest by working them unmercifully. For instance, not content with giving Mrs. M. a very well-acted burlesque on the curse of "Leah," he, without pause or respite, sets her singing that trying Soldier's Chorus; and, not only does this talented lady not break down, but she goes through with a spirit which is wonderful. Mr. C. Mathews impersonates "Mephistopheles" with success; but of the rest—the less said the soonest mended. One word to the head policeman. For goodness sake, as a merciful providence, or the manager, has put you in a part where any theatrical talent that may be secreted about you is not required, keep your arms when walking, and your staff when talking, quiet. It is neither original, funny, nor amusing in the most infinitesimal degree. Oh, what did we not suffer from that head policeman! And now, a word as to the management. For some inexplicable, though, I doubt not, excellent reason, the policemen's dress consists of red knickerbockers, a dress calculated to attract the eye of the British public. Suppose the curtain rises, which by the way it does not, on that idiotic non-funny scene of Cremorne, alias the Walpurgis festival, to one's intense astonishment the police have put aside their helmets, and adopted masks, and are actually dancing among the fairies! What has become of their intelligent inspector? I did not trouble myself to enquire, rejoicing as I was in his absence; that he was not there I felt convinced, for the mask would not have hidden his arms; but surely the management do not think that masks hide the dresses too. What an ostrich-like idea! If, after all they charge for the stalls (an old grievance, as perhaps you will remember), they can't afford more supers, we have a poor opinion of the way in which this theatre is managed. If hard up, let one man enact several parts, but give him, for mercy's sake, give him different dresses to act in.

At the Princess's a new play, which is at the same time an old one, has been brought out. Let me explain, *The Streets of London* is by D. Boucicault, Esq. My readers, remembering as I fervently trust they do, a former letter of mine, will at once unhesitatingly pronounce it an adaptation; nor, of course, will they be wrong. More than an adaptation, indeed; for not only is the play taken from *Les Pauvres de Paris*, but it appeared under a very slightly altered form some years ago on English boards as *Fraud and its Victims*. Even the present piece has, in

another town, been brought out as *The Streets of Manchester*; and "Hard Cash" is in the beginning of the story the same as the play. *The Streets of London* is very well placed on the stage, one scene especially, "Charing Cross on a winter's night," is very good; and when in the distance a pasteboard cab, with a real light, is passed with some jolts across the back of the stage, the enthusiasm of the British public is without bounds.

The house on fire is a very well-managed pyrotechnic display,* and as for the play itself, there is not much to be said. Vining acts, as he generally does, well, and no more. Fisher is good as usual; D. Murray is amusing; and the rest are passable. The ladies, I mean the young ones—well, I detest finding fault with ladies—so I won't say anything.

On the whole, if there is nothing very important to be done, *The Streets of London* are worth a visit, only don't abuse me if you think the talk clap-trappy in some portions, or if you find it a five-act play, when the bill tries to smuggle it on you as if it had only three, with just a prologue, and—yet the curtain does rise after the third act the fire; and is not the theatre a little bit smoky?

Milky White at the Strand has gained universal approval from all the papers. I cannot quite concur. Mr. Craven's *Post Boy* is a much better play than this his last work. The character of "Milky White," though well acted, is much spoilt by the silly puns which are introduced, and would be very well from some one in a burlesque, but very much out of place in the mouth of a broken-hearted father. The second act is a good deal too long. Miss A. Swanborough acts very well, and Mr. Stoye does his little part with ability. The story is not as clear in its details as one could wish.

Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchesini (of the Odeon and Vaudeville) has come out with success at the Haymarket, in a somewhat injured version (owing to whatever was a little broad having been expunged) of *Madlle. de Belle Isle*, by Mrs. Butler, *née* Fanny Kemble. Her pronunciation is tolerably correct, and acting lady-like; though she is too fond of a palsied movement of her hands in moments of agitation. The other parts were well performed, Miss Angel being as pleasing as usual.

* If Mr. Vining would engage a few of the amateur firemen club from Watling Street, say the Duke of S —, Lord R. G —, and Colonel A —, together with a steam fire-engine, which the ingenious Mr. Rimmel might so arrange as to puff forth clouds of perfumed steam, we have no doubt the whole town would be enchanted.

I am sorry to see Mr. Webster has retrograded a step in the management of his theatre by raising the prices. This change is all the more felt with the change of entertainment, with Mr. Collins as hero, which in my poor opinion is very melancholy, both in *The Irish Ambassador* and *Teddy the Tiler*. What a gloomy evening I spent there, thinking over what I had seen in the good old days for five shillings.

Astley's is invaded to see the new sensation *Mazeppa*, acted by a lady, Miss A. Menken, in a very scanty dress, who climbs the rocks, etc., all by herself. The piece is simply horrid; but just suited to attract those easily pleased sight-seers, our "country cousins."

We are immensely indebted to Mr. Tennyson for a new volume of poems, of which "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Fields" are the two *pièces de resistance*. I hear that a profit of £10,000 has already been realized from this new work. The Laureate has by no means written himself out; and his general tone and style is that of such a thorough Anti-Teapot that he really ought to join the A.T.S. The whole book is a rare treat, and does not at all deserve the superannuated censures bestowed on it by the *Athenæum*.

"Then after a long tumble about the Cape" does not read very smoothly, and "the lustre of the long convolvuluses" is not one of the happiest lines. "Hollower-bellowing ocean" is a quaint expression; but there is nothing in the book half so untranslatable (for a Frenchman to wit) as the following passage from "Enid," "They let the horses graze, and ate themselves!" A critic in a back number of the *Guardian* observed that Tennyson never wrote such "nonsense" as the following:—

"There lives more *faith in honest doubt,*
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

I can only assure that uninformed critic that Tennyson not only wrote these "*nonsensical*" lines in "In Memoriam" (c. xcv. p. 118, of the edition before me), but also the following:—

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

If men will persist in *feeding* on "In Memoriam," they must take

the consequences. The poem is sublime; but the author never meant every expression to be dwelt on for a lifetime.

Messrs. Milner and Sowerby, of Halifax, have published a very cheap edition of the whole of Shakspeare's works, with a glossary, for five shillings. The book is a great acquisition to the cheap literature of this country. Victor Hugo's "William Shakspeare" is a wonderful book, and has been translated by Mr. A. Baillet. "That immense Aurora Jesus Christ" (p. 366), can hardly be considered a well-chosen expression. "Cassell's Illustrated Shakspeare" is a marvel of cheapness, and beats Routledge or Knight, the engraving of Don Pedro and Claudio is a perfect gem. Mr. D'Arcy Thompson's "Day-dreams of a Schoolmaster" (Edmonston and Douglas), is excellent. Every schoolmaster ought to read it, and it should be borne in mind that the gentleman who writes it is not only a first-class scholar, but a very experienced teacher.

It may interest members of the A.T.S. to know that two books, one by an English, the other by a foreign member of the A.T.S., are now in preparation; but I am not at liberty to tell you more.

The *Arrow*, an imitation of the *Owl*, has appeared; but it is by no means capable of maintaining the place of its predecessor, whose re-appearance I shall welcome, as the *Owl* is the most essentially comic paper of the day.

I refrain from saying anything concerning the Brothers Davenport until I know a little more of their performance, but only record my opinion that it is too absurd of them to declare they know not how, or by what means, their tricks are performed. I hear they are about to defy Professor Anderson.*

In conclusion, let me notice a great addition the teetotalers have received in the shape of a gentleman allied to a noble family, who has made himself notorious for some more or less objectionable freaks in this and a sister country. Let us rejoice that he has seen the error of his ways; but at the same time I think it would have been better if he had kept so great a change, for a short time, at least, to himself, instead of placing himself in the papers as a caution to others. But thus it ever is; if any of the frail sex repent, they instantly become lecturers on the enormity of their sins to some sister sinners, and so we may

* We heard a few days since that the word Anti-Teapot was given out from the body of St. James's Hall to be spelt backwards, and that Professor A. said there was *no such word*!—[Ed. A.T.R.]

expect ere long to see this promising teetotaler on a platform, haranguing an enthusiastic audience in company with the "Singing Sweep," who is advertised as a temperance lecturer in a Teapotty contemporary.

HOME AND FOREIGN.*

THE dull season has been gradually dragging its slow length along; and we have had "extra-parliamentary utterances," heavy leaders written with the inspiration conferred by London porter, occasional diatribes in the *Record*, racy articles in the penny papers which do not always adhere to truth, speculations as to the "intentions" of the Cesarewitch and Prince Humbert, penny-a-lining about the Prince and Princess of Wales, records of the British Association, Social Science, and the Church Congress, long accounts of the St. Leger and Lord Palmerston's "last" at Bradford and Tiverton, a few abusive sermons from Spurgeon, a split amongst the clergy at Margaret Street, the Crown Court orator's new "tribulation" about bees; but not one word of any importance has issued from the mouths of the Ministerial party. Denmark has been nearly dismembered; and the whole Danish business may be characterized in the same way as the siege of Copenhagen, viz., as the very best devised and very best executed, the most just and necessary robbery and murder on record. We may admire Lord Palmerston's well-bred, witty, and cordial conviviality, and occasionally get a trifle tired of his perpetual "jauntiness" when applied to serious business, but at the same time we beg the public to recollect that they do not expect stars for Ministers, and will not get them if they do. Of the late Duke of Newcastle, let us say with Thackeray and the author of "Eric," "*Requiescat!*" though Jupiter has excluded the R. I. P. ("respected in the parish"?) from its columns henceforth, and, we suppose, for ever. Peace in New Zealand, after several reverses to the British arms, wholesale carnage in America and nothing definite, a week's rioting in Belfast, two days' shooting in Turin (a military *battue*) the Roman Convention, a grand explosion at Belvidere, a deferred general election, and a very prolonged royal mourning, have all touched the hearts (and pockets) of Englishmen; but we have no space to say any more in the present number. EXON.

* Unavoidably curtailed.—[Ed. A.T.R.]

** The Literary and Theatrical Letter and other articles have, from want of space, been unavoidably shortened.—[Ed. A.T.R.]

Notices to Correspondents.

Ramsham. (Trin. Coll., Dublin.)—The subjects chosen are good, but Stephenson was not an "Engineer Stoker." The "snuffy Teapot" who abused smokers by writing doggerel is not worth noticing. We cannot very well call Spurgeon an Anti-Teapot.

L. L. de G. (Gravenhaage).—We like your translation from the Dutch immensely, and will dispose of it as you propose. We regret that our space is so limited.

A. L. G. (Windsor).—The *Review* is always kept by Ingaltan and Drake, Eton, and may be ordered through any bookseller.

H. T. W. (Cheltenham.)—The statements made in "Oxford and Cambridge," apply by no means to Oxford men generally, but only to a certain class; If the article stir up ill-feeling we cannot help it, as it was based solely on the practical experience of an Oxford man.

S. M. (Reading).—Your article shall be carefully considered.

B. (Edinburgh).—The *Review* being only quarterly, cannot be registered for transmission abroad.

. We can take no notice whatever of anonymous correspondents.

All contributions for insertion in our next number, should sent to the Editor of the *Anti-Teapot Review*, 65, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., before January 20th, 1865.

ANTI-TEAPOT SOCIETY.—TO MEMBERS ONLY.

It is proposed to hold a general meeting of the Society in London, early in January, 1865. Members who intend to be present, or who have any motions to bring forward, are requested to communicate with the President as early as possible.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The Debating Society will be open free of charge to all members of the A.T.S. Communications should be addressed to the President of the A.T.S.

BIRTH.

On September 17th, at Cambridge, the wife of ALFRED FARBROTHER, Esq., A.T.S., St. John's College, of a Son.

MARRIED.

On October 20th, at Trinity Church, Weston-super-Mare, by the Rev. John Emra, M.A., Rector of Biddestone, cousin of the Bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Robert Swayne, M.A., Vicar of St. Edmund's, Salisbury, cousin of the Bride, EDWARD EMEA EARLE, Esq., A.T.S., M.R.C.S., to HENRIETTA, only daughter of FRANCIS ANDERSON, Esq., late of Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol.

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C LASSICAL TUTOR IN LONDON.—An Oxford M.A. in Honours (late of Exeter College,) a Member of the A. T. S., has a few hours disengaged.

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*Erratum, p. 21, for *relinquish* read *extinguish*.

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NOVEMBER 1.

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Mr. Barrow.
Mr. Gregson.
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Lord Ernest Bruce.
Mr. Packe.
Mr. Sotherton.
Mr. Lowe.
Mr. Ker Seymour.

"Your Committee cannot but remark upon the impolicy of suffering the continuance of a law which is preventive only to those who will not stoop to devices for its evasion, and who from the excellence of their objects and the superiority of their position should, of all others, be exempt from such restrictions. The system that suffers the singing saloons of Manchester and Liverpool, and Cremorne, and the Eagle Tavern Gardens, to be open on the Sunday, and shuts in the face of all but the proprietors and those who may have free admission to the gardens of the Zoological Society, and the vast and varied schools of 'ocular instruction' provided within the grounds and building of the Crystal Palace, is scarcely consistent. But there are other places of public instruction, the complete closing of which throughout the Sunday seems to Your Committee still less excusable. The National Gallery, the British and Geological Museums, the exhibitions at Marlborough and Gore House, and other places of public instruction, are paid for by the nation; and it does not seem to Your Committee reasonable that these places should be closed upon the only day that it is possible for the majority of the population to visit them without serious loss."

"Resolved—That it is expedient that places of rational recreation and instruction, now closed, should be open to the public on Sunday, after the hour of Two o'clock, p.m.; and that so far as any such places are now closed by operation of law, such law should be so far amended as to enable the Lord Chamberlain, or other competent authority, to determine what places shall be permitted to be so opened, and for what length of time."—(See p. xxvii.)

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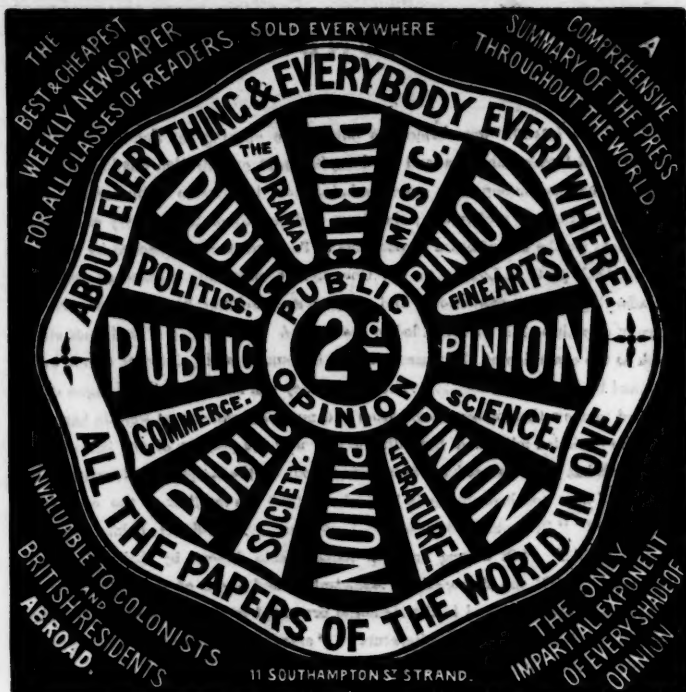
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By Public Meetings, Lectures, a wide distribution of League Papers, and the aid of the Public Press, the Sabbatic wave has been thrown back. The Working Classes of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin have petitioned in large numbers for Sunday recreation, and the following may be cited as among the *positive* gains. The Bands in the Parks have been sustained through nine seasons. The Crystal Palace partially opened. The Dublin Botanic Gardens opened by order of the House of Commons, and the Irish National Gallery by the Government. The threatened closing of Hampton Court and Kew Gardens, the suppression of Sunday Excursions, and various other attacks have been frustrated; and now united and energetic action alone is wanted to accomplish complete success.



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